

A Second Chance To Fix a shattered Life

by RhiannonTheRegal

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Summary: My take on what could've been cannon up to a point in Halloween 5. Not scary in case that's what you're looking for. What if when Dr. Loomis said your little girl he was right? What if "The Shape" is somebody's Dad?

A Second Chance To Fix a shattered Life

It was the first of November the streets were covered with shaving cream/candy wrappers and pumpkin pieces

the remnants of mischief. If only the nurses at Rowan Ridge knew what Hannah Wilson knew it was the reason she

was here a secret she would never tell. "Poor dear." Sister Angela clucked as she led the visitor into a darkened

room. "Why is it so dark in here?" He asked in a voice strained from lack of use while taking in the pitch black

that surrounded him. "It calms her down I think...the windows weren't covered two days ago when they brought

her here and she tried to jump." The Sister explained matter of factly. "That's terrible!" The visitor commented

truly shocked at her obvious lack of care. "Yes, wasn't it? What's worse is she's nine months pregnant and when

Bruce an orderly found her she was screaming "KILL IT! IT HAS TO DIE! HE CAN'T HAVE A CHILD!" Sister

Angela recounted. "She hasn't spoken since then she's peaceful now. It's a shame really such a pretty young

woman she can't be more then twenty-five and we don't know what happened to her? The Doctor said she

used to be a Nurse herself to end up here at Rowan Ridge must be especially hard for her." The Sister

concluded. The visitor watched while Sister Angela brushed Hannah's long dark brown hair and the girl

smiled her first reaction in a while he'd been told could it be for him?

When the Sister left he was alone with his girl. Michael had chosen a different disguise this time a white

lab coat something he was familiar with during the years at Smith's Grove that he hoped wouldn't frighten her

in the way his mask would. He stood four feet from her bed staring down at her the only happiness he'd ever

known was because of her seeing Hannah brought that feeling back up to the surface again the one even he

had been unsure he was capable of- love. He did love Hannah as much as it amazed him, and now he had

faith that everything could be alright he'd found a family and with the baby it would be complete. Growing up

he had known nothing but fear and lies no real love and the anger and the hatred buried deep inside of him

had built up until that night he changed. Was it possible to change back to be innocent again when there was

so much blood on his hands?

Hannah knew he was there and that he'd come only to be with her she could tell he wanted to be better.

"Come here." She beckoned drawing back the covers she didn't know how much time they had left and she

wanted him to experience something first. Gingerly Hannah took Michael's hand and placed it on her

abdomen so he could feel the baby kick. "This is our baby and we'll raise it together. I promise." Hannah

vowed smiling at him feeling brave it was foolish to be afraid of their baby. He believed her soon there would

be a child that belonged only to them and had already made them a family the pain, the anger that usually

burned within him was quiet now this strange emotion- joy had taken over.

Once Michael found Hannah he remained watching over her unseen it was too easy for him to remain

in the shadows. It wouldn't be long now, and if there was one thing he was good at it was waiting. "It's time."

The Nurse announced. The room Hannah was in for the delivery was stark gray and green with a metal bed,

she had a guard posted outside the door and only she knew it was the child's Father and not her usual guard,

of course he would want to be there for this. Hannah pushed but something was wrong the Doctor and the

Nurse looked at each other sadly. There was an eerie silence a terrifying sound when giving birth no crying,

no breathing. "I'm sorry." The Doctor said they were words meant to comfort yet they rang hollow. "NO!"

Hannah screamed and it was blood curdling that one scream holding all her pain. She couldn't hear the rest

of what the Doctor said that he'd been a son. The son she'd feared in her ignorance was dead she panicked

causing her monitor to go crazy her blood pressure was rising if she couldn't calm down soon she'd...

Outside Michael heard the silence coupled with Hannah's scream, he knew he had a son who was

stillborn. He was in so much pain that he shook his whole body convulsing it didn't matter no one was

watching him, they were all too busy trying to save her. How dare he believe he would have love and

acceptance he didn't deserve such things, hadn't he been told so often enough? He sighed this was a

deeper pain than any he had known yet, there was still a chance if he could take Hannah away with him

they could find peace. He turned his attention back to the window in the door that let him look in on her.

"I love you!" Hannah cried out. The Doctor and Nurse pitied her thinking she was crazy but Hannah knew

he could hear her and that she needed to give him something to balance the pain he was feeling. "I think

we're losing her!!" The Nurse exclaimed. Michael stood momentarily rooted to the spot a single tear ran

down his cheek he wished he could die instead this was too much for him to take. He didn't want to

remember Hannah like this so he pulled a lab coat over his head and made his way out into the cold. The

world was as frozen as his heart would be, there was no reason to believe no hope for a monster, nothing

but darkness.

Inside all was not what it appeared and Michael was needed by those he cared for after all. Unbenounced

to him that day Michael missed out on something special. "Doctor, there seems to be another baby there were

twins." The Nurse said. A little girl was born with dark brown hair and her Father's eyes, a girl who would have a

hard road ahead of her. She was declared a ward of the State, a foster family was found and the girl was

named Jamie, sent to live with Laurie and mistakenly call her biological Aunt her Mother. When Laurie

discovered the truth she in turn panicked just like Hannah had. Laurie loved Jamie of course and had raised

her as a daughter for seven years but there was always the chance Jamie could turn out like her Father or

that he would discover the truth and come looking for her angerier then he'd ever been. To prevent this

Laurie faked her death and had Jamie sent away to protect her because it would better if he never found her,

never had any reason to suspect he had a daughter.

Michael allowed himself to sleep, to be caught after that and to cooperate exsisting never living until he

heard of her not as his daughter but as his niece and he knew she was what had been missing from his life

someone to care for. If he'd only stayed a little longer and held her in his arms as a baby she would have

given him a reason to want to get better. He had to find her he had no other purpose or goal but to get to her.

Michael had no idea how much it would terrify his daughter to see him as he was now, the humanity he'd

frozen for so long was difficult to bring up to the surface when it mattered most.

The first time he saw her in that place she called home with the false family she relied on. He'd wanted

to introduce himself to explain in a way that wouldn't confuse her that was what he'd meant to do, instead he

grabbed her foot and tried to drag her off and as expected she'd been frightened. New thoughts emerged

he would bring her back to his house fix it up for her and try to be a good father she would be able to

understand and together they could be a family or, he could hide he was good at hiding.

Jamie Lloyd had always felt that something was wrong that she was being lied to but she didn't know

why until she saw him and as frightened as she was there was a knowledge that he wouldn't hurt her because

she was a part of him. The Boogeyman that's what the kids at school called him teasing her for being his

niece everybody was afraid of him and they took that fear out on Jamie. Always an intelligent child Jamie

began to wonder what it was like for him to be all alone? Why was he evil? And what had hurt him because

she knew he was hurting inside he was broken could he be fixed? Something inside him wanted to be

normal he simply didn't know how. A connection developed between them and she could feel what he was

feeling the pain, the anger, the sadness, because he was sad and Jamie was sorry. He attacked anyone

near her she wanted him to stop she wondered again about the lies how many were there? Standing in his

house in the room that had probably belonged to the sister he killed she looked in the mirror and for the first

time she noticed her eyes were like his those dark orbs some would say were soulless. As much as Jamie

suspected there must be a different reason for the connection then "niece" it wasn't until Loomis held her and

told him "Take her, here she is your little girl Michael!" that it became clear she wasn't his niece she was his

daughter! "Let me see." She asked eagerly as she slowly reached up to touch his face the face of her father

without the mask. A single tear ran down his cheek and he recoiled at her touch. He had hidden behind that

mask for so long because he didn't want to see what he'd become anymore. Hope. There could still be hope for

Jamie if he didn't explain she wouldn't follow him she wouldn't be a monster. Leaving her might have been

kinder but he couldn't leave her not ever again. The knife dropped to the floor with a clatter and she sobbed.

Carefully he held his little girl hugging her in an effort to comfort them both. His voice rough from years of silence

spoke " Jamie, Do you know who I am?" He asked. "You're my Father." she replied holding him tighter no

longer affraid. The beginning of a smile crossed his lips and he stroked the long dark hair that was so like her

Mother's. " I didn't know. I would've..." he paused in his apology out of uncertainty what would he have done?

As a rawness of the vocal chords. "Did they lie to you too?" she asked. He nodded his head slowly. " I saw them

die first your brother he was born in silence and your mother screamed... I couldn't watch anymore. I didn't know

about you, I didn't see you being born. I'm sorry." He concluded with more tears. " They were good to me."

Jamie assured him as she saw not the Boogeyman but the man who was her father. He was silent and she

didn't want to lose him to see him retreat back into himself. "Could you stop for me? For us? Be my Daddy?"

She asked breaking away from his embrace slowly staying close enough that he saw she wasn't scared. " I'll

try." He answered honestly. She picked up the knife and handed it to Dr. Loomis who saw the last thing he

expected Michael having a breakthrough.

Since he was her father there was no one to stop Jamie from

living with Michael Myers in his childhood home they redecorated it in mostly blue- his favorite color. Michael

had clearly been mentally ill when he committed his crimes and being well again he was allowed to live in

his house and have as normal a life as possible with the exception of an ankle bracelet and a curfew. Therapy

was progressing nicely and he opened up about what had led to the first horrible Halloween the abuse by

Judith that had continued for years until that one fatal night when she refused to take him Trick or Treating and

called him retarded. "You're not really my brother anyway. Mom and Dad got you from the orphanage so they

could have a son. What a waste, I wish they'd gotten a puppy instead." Judith spat. His small fists clenched in

anger and he saw red it struck him he was unwanted it was the final

straw the last thing that made him snap

on top of all the others. Calmly he went to the kitchen and chose the knife with one goal to end all the pain and

went upstairs. Waking up now as an adult with a daughter he felt relief the pain was gone and he could

finally live again.

Once the residents of Haddonfield were re-introduced to Michael Myers he became a friend instead of a

creature of darkness. Michael found a career suited to his talents that combined his two favorite things

driving and the chase- Bounty Hunting. Jamie discovered she had a love of the stage starring in many local

productions and no one cheered louder than her father. "Dad, what was my Mother like?" Jamie asked one

day and he knew she deserved to hear the story. " Your Mother Hannah was a nurse in the hospital they sent

me to she had just finished school and she was idealistic. Hannah thought there was something in me worth

saving she'd talk to me for hours not as a patient but as a friend and, as she opened up to me I opened up to

her. I spoke with her making her promise that she wouldn't tell anybody. We fell in love and she became

pregnant but there was the rage inside of me she ran and kept running until she drove herself to the brink of

madness. I found her a few weeks before you were born and she promised we could be a family. Maybe if she'd

lived we would've found a way she loved me. You're Mother was beautiful." He reflected. " She read

Shakespeare to me Hamlet I remember the most. She had a pleasant voice it soothed me to hear the sound."

He concluded with a sigh. "She's waiting for you Dad and someday you'll see her again." Jamie encouraged.

Little did they know that soon the wait would be over.

While in pursuit of a suspect a strung out twenty year old named Daryl Johnson he'd brought Jamie along

making her wait in the car. " Whoa dude she looks like Hannah." Daryl remarked upon seeing Jamie in the

front seat. "What'd you say?" Michael asked stopping the car and turning back to look at Daryl in a way that

gave him the creeps. " Um...I said she looks like Hannah. She's a nurse at this rehab center they stuck me at

Cry Help it wasn't an insult Hannah's pretty she's not a dog." Daryl rambled. " Does she have hair like mine?"

Jamie asked excitedly. "Yeah." Daryl answered. " Was her last name Wilson?" Michael asked. "Yeah, maybe?"

Daryl said unsure. It was certainly worth a shot. The following morning Michael went to visit Cry Help which was

in Warrenburg the next town over. He saw a nurse sitting at the Nurses' station filling out paperwork. "Yes, May

I Help you?" She asked and as she looked up at the approaching shadow their eyes locked. "Michael!" She

exclaimed Hannah couldn't believe how well he looked and how thrilled she was to see him again. " Hannah it

is you! I thought you died the night our son did." He said in surprise. " And I thought you blamed me for his death

the day you went away." She recalled. " So what happened?" He asked. " I was so sick and depressed I stayed

at Rowan Ridge again it took a while to recover and when I did I wanted to help addicts to bring them back from

the darkness and give them hope because I needed to have some myself." She explained. " Will you come with

me?" Michael asked. "If you can wait about an hour." She offered. "Sure." He said he was good at waiting. " I'm

so glad you're better now." Hannah said smiling at Michael. He opened the car door for her and then drove

home. Jamie was sitting outside reading when she saw them pull in. Michael hadn't been sure how to tell

Hannah they had a daughter and he had to fast since she was sitting right there. Hannah stared at Jamie she

was the right age and she certainly resembled them but their child had been a child who died. " Hannah, they

were twins this is our daughter Jamie. They kept her from both of us for years I didn't know." Michael explained.

"Hi sweetie." Hannah said addressing her daughter. "Mom." Jamie said cheerfully there was so much to tell

her mother at a later date at this moment all she wanted was a hug.

Jamie watched on a bright Summer's day as her parents got married it was a small ceremony only the

three of them and a judge. "Hannah and Michael by coming here today you are performing an act of faith with

each other. By the love you are pledging here today, you will find the entire world in the light of each other's

faces. Michael, do you take Hannah to be your wife this day and for all your days to come?" The judge asked.

"I do. Hannah, you were the first person I saw through the red you believed there was something in me worth

saving and without that I would've stayed a monster. Because of you and our daughter Jamie I work each day to

be a better person and stay here with you. I love you." He vowed. "Hannah, do you take Michael this day for

your husband and for all your days to come?" The judge asked. "I do. Michael, we've had so much pain and

we've been separated for too long. I don't want to spend another moment without you. They say for better or

worse and we've seen as much of the worst as it could get so, I think we're due some better." Hannah

reasoned. "May I have the rings please?" The judge asked. Michael placed the ring on Hannah's finger. "And

so by the power vested in me by the State of Illinois, I now pronounce you husband and wife. Jamie smelled

the bouquet of lilies while her parents kissed she'd seen them kiss before and she thought it was cute but still

they were her parents.

"Mom, Are you sure it's alright?" Jamie asked as her mother took rice krispy treats out of the oven. "Of

course it is, lots of families have parties on Halloween." Hannah reassured her. Jamie didn't want to bring up

that they weren't like lots of families because she really wanted to be it just wasn't worth the worry to imagine

they weren't. "Okay Mom." Jamie said psyching herself up for the party. "What do you think?" Michael asked

anxious for his daughter's opinion. Jamie looked at the line of six pumpkins five of which had had been

carved into intricate designs. "Cool Dad." Jamie proclaimed as she sat on the picnic table as he took a

carving knife and quickly slashed into the pumpkin when he was finished the image of a renaissance angel was

revealed. "Uh Dad, Can I talk to you about something?" Jamie asked

cautiously. " Sure." He replied cleaning

up the porch. " You're not going to dress up tomorrow night are you?" Jamie asked and he could see the fear

in her face. " Your Mother wants us to dress up like Anthony and Cleopatra but, if it bothers you I won't. I'll just

wear jeans and a sweater." He promised. " No Dad, I think it's great you and Mom dressing up.I guess I was

just you know.. Because of what tomorrow is." She said shaking her head. " Jamie, I'm not the Boogeyman

anymore I don't ever want to be again. I have everything I need right here. " He assured her. Jamie had her

answer and she didn't want to discuss it further. " Wanna see my costume?" She asked her father. " Yeah." He

said and Jamie raced through the house to her room where the costume was hanging on the back of the door.

She would be a black cat with ears; a tail and paws. She laughed without knowing it she sort of fit in with her

parents' Egyptian theme. " Very Egyptian and very Jamie." Her father commented. " Thanks." she said as she

went back into the house to help her mother with the candy apples and popcorn balls.

" No way!" Jamie protested as her mother pulled out a huge stack of records. " I'll be humiliated. No one at

school listens to this stuff: The Beatles; The Rolling Stones; The Who? Come on what kind of name is The

Who?" Jamie whined. " Jamie stop just listen to it ok? I promise it'll be better then that New Kids On The

Block stuff Steffi Anderson will be playing at her party." Hannah told her daughter. One of the many things

she'd learned was that her mother was pretty good at this kind of stuff. " I trust you." Jamie said as her

competitive streak came out her party would be much more fun then Steffi's. Jamie listened to her mother's

records and decided they were alright of course she wouldn't let her mom know that her choice in music wasn't

completely lame it was her duty as a kid. The song _Borris The Spider_ by The Who made her giggle it had a

good not scary Halloween feel to it. " Doorbell." Hannah announced as she put on her gold earring and

adjusted her snake bracelets. "I'll get it." Jamie said readying

herself to play hostess. " Trick or Treat!" A boy dressed as her father in a mask and jumpsuit with a plastic knife said. He couldn't be more then five and seeing him made Jamie go cold for a moment. She'd seen people dressed up like her Dad before but not since they were happy. " Do you know who's house this is?" Jamie asked not wanting to get angry at a small boy who probably didn't know any better. " Na-Uh." The boy said holding out his bag. " Well, next year pick another costume like a ninja turtle. Don't go for scary at this house." Jamie said handing him a snickers bar and some M&M's. The boy ran off to join his brother. In a way Jamie was glad they were forgetting that they didn't associate her father with evil anymore. " H..Hi Jamie." Billy said as Hannah let him in. His stuttering was less frequent now and he was back home with his grandparents on the end of Lampkin Lane the same street as Jamie. " Hi Billy, this is my mom and that's my dad Michael. " Jamie said making the introductions short. "Hey kid, I owe you an apology for what happened last year. You were protecting my daughter from a monster and I want to thank you for that. You don't have to be afraid of me anymore I won't let another night like that happen again. I'm a father to Jamie now." He said proudly. Billy nodded in understanding and went over to the living room with Jamie dancing to _Poision Ivy_ by The Rolling Stones while Mrs. Myers showed them some dances from the Sixties. " That's lame." Jamie announced after the next Trick or Treater left. He was an eight year old dressed up as Jason from Friday The Thirteenth " A goalie mask?" Michael laughed at confused. " Why not a football helmet? What an odd costume." He judged. As they saw a teenager dressed as Freddy being chased by a girl dressed like Carrie they all started laughing. That Halloween was far from scary they thought as they resumed the party.

End
file.